

## Enraptured

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## Enraptured

by [venus43](#)

### Summary

It's dumb, Dream supposes, how just the thought of George's thighs around his neck makes his mouth go dry, but he can't help it – his roommate is just ridiculously hot and there's nothing he can do about it.

or, dream can't stop thinking about george's thighs

### Notes

New fic !! ive really been enjoying writing lately so I finished this in a few days. Hope you all enjoy!!

and as always if the cc involved in this ever state that they're uncomfortable with these types of works i'll take this down.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream never knew he had a thing for thighs until he met George.

From the first day they'd moved in together, George had insisted on wearing the baggiest shirts possible, always paired with the shortest of shorts. And he'd wander around their apartment as though everything was normal – seemingly not noticing the way that Dream's eyes would drift

down his legs and follow them around the room.

It's dumb, Dream supposes, how just the thought of George's thighs around his neck makes his mouth go dry, but he can't help it – his roommate is just ridiculously hot and there's nothing he can do about it.

It's only gotten worse with the new additions in George's closet. The stupid pairs of socks that rest just at the top of his legs, squeezing the skin tightly and causing his upper thighs to jut out, and sometimes when they sit together on the couch they'll roll down – revealing little marks from where they've been sticking to the skin.

What's worse is that George doesn't even seem to know what he's doing to Dream. He'll sit next to him and lay his legs in his lap, squeezing his thighs together and shuffling around to get comfortable, and Dream will do his best not to stare at the little expanse of skin that's bare and begging for him to wrap his hands around it.

So when George suggests watching a movie, Dream already knows he's in for a rough time.

George knocks quietly on Dream's door, waiting for a response before strolling in and when he does Dream has to physically remember to close his mouth because *holy shit*, his roommate is going to be the death of him.

His eyes stay stuck to the part of George's thighs that poke out from the tops of his socks, the hem of a large white shirt barely tracing the skin, and Dream wants to grab him by the waist and press down until he's left little red marks in place of his fingertips.

All he can think of is those thighs around his head, him fucking George on two fingers until he's crying, and his legs are trembling from the stimulation, and it's so dirty and he feels so bad for looking at his roommate like that, but he can't push the thoughts from his mind.

George must have just come from the shower too; his hair is still slightly damp and curly at the ends and the shirt he's wearing is slightly crumpled from being thrown over a chair since the last time he'd worn it.

“Dream?” George chirps, forcing him out of his own head so they can make proper eye contact, and the little smile on George's lips makes Dream smile too.

“What's up?” Dream asks cautiously, spinning his chair slightly to give the other his undivided attention.

“They're playing a bunch of old rom-coms,” George says, wagging his eyebrows, “Come watch with me?” He lifts his arm, leaning against Dream's door and letting his shirt ride up even more and show off his pale skin.

“Sure,” Dream says, doing his best to not sound out of breath and keep his eyes up on George's face.

He's met with a smile in response, and when George turns around to leave, Dream has to tear his eyes back to his monitor so he doesn't stare.

There are times where Dream wishes that he weren't so infatuated with his roommate, maybe then they could actually spend time together without Dream having to run off to the next room because of the boner he's gotten from George subconsciously picking at the material of his thigh highs – but because he apparently loves torturing himself, Dream picks himself up and walks out of his room to go find George.

He finds the other sitting on their sofa, adjusting the volume on their TV with his head thrown back and dangling off the edge. He looks perfect, making a soft noise and shuffling around slightly, and Dream can see a sliver of his boxers from underneath his shirt, milky skin contrasting with the dark black clothing.

Brown eyes sweep over the room, narrowing slightly when they see Dream having not sat down yet, and Dream already knows that this is going to be a tough night.

“What are you doing?” George asks.

Dream wipes the blank look off of his face, his eyes struggling to stay on George’s face.  
“Nothing,” He says.

“Well sit down then.” George rolls his eyes, patting the space next to him as though Dream is just being dumb.

Dream exhales, taking small steps away from his place to go and sit on the opposite end of the couch, far enough away from George so that they’d have to stretch to touch each other. But George isn’t having it, he leans over, tugging on Dream’s shirt to drag him closer, and Dream raises his arms, reluctantly going along with it.

They sit close, Dream letting out a quiet breath when George swings his legs over Dream’s lap so their thighs touch. Dream tries not to look, not quite sure of where to put his hands until George grabs his arm and manoeuvres it so he can rest on the top of the couch, barely touching George’s shoulders.

“This movie okay?” George asks, a playful edge in his tone that Dream can’t quite understand.

He doesn’t even glance at the screen, trying to focus on keeping his hands to himself and he nods quickly just so George will look away from him.

It’s agonising, having to sit still and keep every dirty thought out of his brain while George sits next to him with his legs slightly spread on top of Dream’s. His eyes fall down despite his best attempts to stop them, and god, Dream feels so wrong looking at George in this way.

His socks are black, digging into his thighs and Dream wants to know how soft the skin is, whether it’ll bruise easily or Dream will have to work hard to leave red and purple marks on his skin. He wants to know if George is sensitive, he hopes he is, with everyone he’s fucked Dream has liked seeing them shake and writhe around when he touches them and he wonders if George is the same. If he’d let out soft noises when Dream bites dark hickeys onto his legs.

He tries not to get too worked up, feeling himself get hot when George shifts around and laughs a little, moving so his thighs are directly on top of Dreams lap and his feet are touching the other end of their couch.

George is practically in his lap, laughing softly at the movie they’re meant to be watching every few seconds and Dream can feel every single motion he makes, with George trying to get comfortable every so often and consequently rubbing himself against Dream’s crotch.

Dream turns his head slightly, biting his lip as George’s incessant movements add pressure right where Dream is trying to avoid it. It’s no surprise when Dream feels his cock start to spring to attention, his boxers tenting slightly and he tries to move to stop George from noticing but it’s useless, the warm heat from George’s skin only helping to make him even harder.

He feels awful, getting hard from just the sight of his roommate like this, and out of the corner of

his eyes he can see George studying his face.

George shifts again, and Dreams hand goes to stop him but instead of actually doing anything, he only ends up with one hand on the top of George's leg, his fingers brushing over the soft skin, and the touch makes his cock throb.

He doesn't move his hand away at first, desperate to feel anything he can, and George doesn't seem to stop him, leaning back slightly with a coy smile on his lips. The urge to let his hands roam across the soft flesh is overwhelming, and George's shirt only seems to ride up his torso even further, the skin on his stomach flashing in front of Dream's eyes.

Everything about George is pretty, and by now Dream has completely tuned out the movie in front of him in favour of watching the way his fingers leave little indentations that turn red for half a second on his thighs. He's probably crossing a line, but his mind isn't working quick enough for him to really pick up on how weird this is, and he can't stop the shaky breath that escapes his lips as he touches George's skin.

He's hard, that's undeniable now, and he can feel himself straining against his sweatpants and he doesn't know if George just hasn't felt it yet, or he's ignoring it. Dream's fingers stay touching the top of George's thighs and he feels the other move, trying not to look too anguished when George presses down again on Dream's clothed dick.

"Stop moving," He pleads.

His voice comes out wobblier than he means it to, Dream holding onto George's thighs to stop him from squirming but the grip he has only makes the other writhe around even more. George's legs press together, the pale skin that pokes out of the top of his thigh highs touching and it's so dirty and hot and Dream feels as though he might implode if he has to see it for any longer.

His dick twitches, and he doesn't have to look to assume that there's a wet patch in his boxers where pre-cum is collecting and he hopes that it's not noticeable.

He can't move, running the risk of George feeling how hard he is, and Dream wants nothing more than to go back to his room and jerk off until he's not thinking of George and the way his thighs would feel wrapped around his head anymore.

"Are you okay Dream?" George asks. He leans forwards, forcing the eyes away from his body to make them look into his. George smiles, innocent and pretty and Dream just wants to ruin him.

"Of course," Dream tells him, lying through his teeth but doing his best to stay believable, but with how George has positioned himself to be almost sat on top of him, it's difficult.

"You're being weird," George says, pressing his thighs tight together and shuffling down a bit so he's seated directly on top of Dream's now throbbing dick. "Are you okay?"

He shuffles around a bit more, moving so his thighs are on either side of Dream's and Dream doesn't know if he's died and gone to heaven or if his incredibly attractive roommate is actually sat straddling his lap.

George's eyebrows furrow, and he tilts his head to the side, slowly rolling his hips down against Dreams to make him gasp and try to keep still. He's imagined this kind of intimacy before and Dream has always been touchy, trying to cuddle up to his friends whenever possible and George used to pretend to hate it, having warmed up to it throughout their time together, but Dream had never thought the other was capable of crawling into his lap half-dressed and grinding against him.

George frowns, hot breath fanning over Dream's neck, "Are you hard?" He asks. His eyes stay glued to Dream's and Dream doesn't know if he should attempt to lie or George already knows and is just messing with him.

Hesitant, he nods and on top of him, George raises his eyebrows, scrutinising, making Dream hurry to try and make amends. "It's not because of you," He stutters, "It just happened, I haven't really been with someone in a while, I'm probably just frustrated."

He watches George's face twist, and he feigns being upset, pouting and moving his hands to the collar of Dream's shirt, tugging lightly on the material. "It's not because of me?"

The action makes Dream's mind go blank. Does George want it to be because of him? Is he hoping that Dream gets off to the thought of George and those stupid fucking thigh highs? Or is he just making fun of him? Pretending to be into it before he slaps Dream and calls him out.

"Dream?" George runs his hands down his front, leaving fleeting touches on his arms then going to grab at the other's hands. He pulls Dream's arms away from the side of the couch, bringing them down to rest on his thighs, and he smiles, looking up to find a reaction.

The skin is soft, warm and much paler than Dream's large hands. He squeezes experimentally, not even looking at the other, and his fingers brush over the material of the socks. His hands creep upwards, and he wants to dig his finger's in, bite at pale spots and let his teeth sink into the skin to leave marks everywhere.

He's hard, with his roommate on his lap who's letting him touch what he wants without even attempting to stop him and he hooks two fingers under the material of George's socks, his breathing getting heavier as he looks at the way the skin bulges out at the top, and carefully he drags them down to his knees.

There are red marks wrapping around the skin, indents that Dream had been begging to see before now perfectly displayed in front of him, and his fingers can't stop moving, pressing down and trying to find any freckle or mark that he's never seen before.

"Are you sure it wasn't me?" George asks again. "You seem to like my body an awful lot."

He lifts the bottom of his shirt up, showing off more and more and a slow roll of his hips makes the muscles in his thighs tense. Dream groans, his eyes fixed on the motion and the way that George keeps shifting and causing his thighs to spread out when he sits down properly.

Dream doesn't respond at first, too transfixed on the sight of George's slender legs and how smooth the skin is, likely having been shaved and moisturised after his shower earlier and he almost forgets that George been speaking until he starts again.

"Do you see something you like?" George asks.

Dream nods.

"You're so obvious Dreamie," George teases, "Always looking at me like you want to eat me up."

"You knew?" Dream asks. He glances up at George's face, noticing the little smirk on his lips and the troublesome glint in his eyes. He looks good like this, confident and daring and Dream wants to wipe the smug look off of his face, make him apologise for trying to make Dream flustered.

"Of course," George smiles, and Dream finally digs his fingers hard enough into his thighs to draw a soft hiss from the back of George's throat. The skin blooms pink where Dream's touched it, his

fingernails having left little grooves and he wants to see more, see George completely covered in those marks.

The shiver that rips through George's frame is almost unnoticeable, but Dream sees it and the way his legs shake slightly. He needs to see it again.

"I figured you'd like the outfit too," George says, gesturing to the large shirt he's wearing, and he says everything so innocently that Dream would almost believe that there's no dastardly plan behind the words. "Or maybe I wore it so I could have a little fun."

"You were trying to get me worked up," Dream realises, not even looking at his hands as he grips at the others thighs and George just nods, keeping their eye contact before sitting up straight. He picks himself up, dropping himself back down slowly just to see the way Dreams jaw goes lax and his eyes flutter shut.

He feels so good, leaving fingerprints on George's skin and he almost grabs the other by the hips and drags him down to bring their bodies even closer together, but he doesn't. Because George is sitting and looking so smug, and Dream doesn't want to give him what he wants.

"You want to touch?" George asks. He takes his hand and presses down on Dream's obvious erection, the heel of his hand rubbing against him so perfectly, and Dream almost lets him get away with it. "Or is Dreamie too horny to think straight?"

Dream groans, tipping his head back and letting George do as he pleases for a second, and he forces his brain to process what's going on before finding the right words. He reaches out, one hand brushing over the skin on George's thigh and the other grabbing his wrist, pulling him away to stop him from touching Dream's aching cock through his sweatpants, and he holds the wrist in the air.

George holds his breath, his confident expression falling slightly and even looking confused and somewhat out of place, he's still as pretty as ever.

"You're such a brat," Dream mocks, a fond expression on his face as he watches George's eyebrows furrow.

To his surprise, George forces a sly grin, managing to keep a straight face while Dream's hand roams around and plays with the top of his thigh highs. "And?" He asks, voice dripping with false venom, "You're the one who wants to fuck me."

"You'd let me," Dream says, cocky and overconfident.

"I'd be stupid not to." George takes the hand that isn't in Dream's grip and smooths out the top of his hair. He lets his breath ghost over Dream's forehead for a moment to find a reaction that he doesn't get and after a moment, he huffs, tugging his hand free of Dream's grip and rolling his eyes before speaking. "Go on then, do your worst dream boy."

Dream pauses, resting the palm of his hand on the back of George's neck and dragging him down so their noses almost touch, and he watches the frown form on George's face when he doesn't pull him into a kiss straight away.

"Kiss me you idiot," George says, tugging hard on Dream's shirt but it only makes the other pull away slightly.

"I don't like giving brats what they want," He says, tone far too innocent, "Brats get teased and fucked and ruined until they're crying and begging for my forgiveness."

George's whimper is almost too quiet to hear, the frustrated noise that leaves his lips soft and light and Dream needs to hear it again. "Fuck you," George says, dropping his head to look down and Dream follows the action.

Slender fingers rake across smooth skin, George tugging on the ends of his socks and pulling them back so they rest high up on his legs and Dream can't look away. "I thought I was being nice," George pouts, grinding down again just to remind the other of how painfully hard he is. "Dressing up all nice for you and letting you touch; do you not like it?"

"You know I do," Dream grits out. "Fucking brat."

He gets a laugh in response, George leaning forwards to connect their lips and Dream lets him, feeling his head be pushed back as George crawls further up his body, placing his hands on Dream's cheeks to keep him in place as they kiss.

George puts everything into it, greedily forcing his tongue into Dream's mouth, and Dream accepts it, biting down lightly and smirking when he hears a gasp. It's obvious that George is holding back his noises, trying to make Dream come undone only by deepening the kiss every few minutes.

The drag of his hips against Dream's is agonising, and Dream really doesn't want to cum in his pants because he knows that he'd never live it down. He moves his hands to rest on the back of George's thighs, pulling him up and gripping tight on the skin and he hears George swallow harshly, his breathing coming out broken.

The thin material around George's dick barely hides how hard he's getting, and he pushes his hips forwards frantically, trying to push himself against Dream and failing when he's held away. "Come on," George whines against his lips, "Touch me already."

Dream pulls back, keeping a tight hold on George's thighs, "I thought I already told you," He says unkindly, meeting George's slightly frustrated look with a coy smile, "I don't give brats what they want."

"Why?" George complains. He tries to connect their lips again, but Dream doesn't let him, staying just slightly out of reach so that all of George's attempts come across pathetic. He watches confusion flicker over the others face, as though he can't understand why he isn't getting exactly what he wants, and it's a good look on him, Dream must admit, but he doesn't say it.

"Is something wrong?"

"No," George says immediately, reliant and short despite how obvious his need is.

Dream smiles, looking at the pretty boy in his lap and thinking of all the things he wants to do to him. He wants to see George cry, wants to fuck him until all he can do is shake and say Dream's name. He wants him to beg for his cock and spread his little legs and blush from the embarrassment, and even then Dream wouldn't give it to him, he'd made him wait until Dream's satisfied with how good he's being – and then he'd make George ask for it again, just to be mean.

"Get up," Dream orders. He taps on George's thigh, pressing down on the skin lightly and the marks he'd left before have already faded into nothingness, pretty pale skin completely unblemished once again.

George doesn't move immediately, taking the opportunity to roll his hips against Dream's, and for a moment, just because of how good the pressure feels, Dream lets him. The ordeal barely lasts half a second, Dream realising that George is trying to gain the upper hand and bucking his hips up to

throw him off balance.

“Up,” He repeats, watching George get up onto his feet and stand in front of him on the couch.

His shirt falls down loosely, black boxers tented with his cock pressing up against the material, and Dream wants to drag them down and see just how hard he is. His thighs tremble slightly, the stimulation having made him shaky, and George is so perfect, already all worked up and needy.

“Are you going to fuck me?” George asks, brash and cocky even though his body stays stiff.

Dream lets his hand trail down to his lap, slipping underneath the waistband of his sweatpants and brushing over his cock. The friction makes him groan, head tipping back slowly with George just watching him carefully. His hand dips into his boxers, touching himself lazily and his cock twitches, so desperate for the touch he’s finally getting. Dream moans, making sure to look straight at George when he finally decides to answer his question. “No.”

“Why not?” He watches George’s lips curl into a frown, and he’d almost feel bad if it weren’t for how aroused he is.

“You don’t deserve it.”

“Yes I do,” George frowns and his thigh highs keep slipping down, catching Dream’s attention.  
“Stop being stupid.”

“I’m not,” Dream says, moaning again as he grips his cock tighter, holding the base and watching George’s confused expression turn into annoyance.

“Whatever” George huffs, crossing his arms with an attempt to sound self-assure, “You couldn’t fuck me good enough anyway.”

Dream lets his fingers run along the back of his cock, tracing over the vein that presses against the base, and pre-cum stains the top of his boxers, sticky and helping him to move his hand easier.  
“Okay George.” He mutters, keeping his movements slow. He doesn’t want to get himself too close to the edge and George is looking at him as though he’s trying to burn holes through his skull.

He hears the other whine, high pitched annoyed and Dream chuckles, taking his hand off himself to rest it on his leg. George shifts on his feet, waiting for some sort of instruction and Dream just lets him, spreading his legs slightly to get more comfortable.

“Lift up your shirt,” Dream directs, seeing the same defiance flash across George’s features.

George’s hair is drying slowly, fluffy and dark and Dream wants to run his fingers through it and pull him around, and maybe in the morning Dream will realise how strange their situation is but right now he’s too focused on admiring the freckles on George’s face.

Pouting, George fiddles with the bottom of his shirt, the baggy material resting halfway down his arms and pooling around his waist where he starts to hold it up. He doesn’t show off any of his stomach, only making the tent in his boxers more obvious as his thighs squeeze together, a little whine meant to make Dream eager, escaping his lips. “If you promise to fuck me.”

“Just do it,” Dream says, and he half considers dragging George back into his lap before landing on something better.

Rolling his eyes, George lifts up the bottom of his shirt, the white material scraping over his skin

and he looks so good like this, showing off for Dream and letting him order him around – even if he is a little mouthy at times.

“Pretty,” Dream mumbles. He lets his hands touch George’s waist, gripping the soft skin firmly and hearing George whimper. He guides him around so he’s sitting back on the couch next to Dream, lying half on his back with his legs bent slightly. Dream turns them both so George’s neck touches the armrest, and he moves so he can lie on top of him, spreading George’s legs so his body slots between them.

His hands go to hold George’s thighs again and lips go to attack George’s neck. Dream makes sure to kiss every spot he can, his hands holding onto George so hard that he’ll leave dark bruises by the time he’s stopped, and this time he doesn’t hold back, his fingers pushing up George’s boxers and gripping at the hidden skin.

He lets his lips trail down, sucking dark marks onto George’s collarbone and the shirt George is wearing has been dragged down and pushed up so much that it’s just a thin band around his torso.

“Fuck,” George whines, going to thread his fingers through Dreams hair and keep him in place, and his legs wrap around Dream’s waist tightly. He’s letting out little gasps, broken noises slipping from his throat, and his hips move around frantically, searching for something to rut against.

He smells nice, Dream notes, maybe vanilla or something else simple and pretty, and Dream wants to stay like that for as long as he can. But his fingers skim against George’s thigh highs and he’s reminded of what the other’s wearing. He pulls back, eliciting a small cry from George who immediately tries to pull him back into place.

“Patience,” Dream tuts.

George huffs, tugging on his own clothes, “Just get on with it dick.”

Shaking his head, Dream dips his head down, looking between their bodies to see the way George’s hips move without any control, and he slides down, causing George’s legs to fall down from where they’d been bracketing Dream’s side.

“You’ll tell me if you’re uncomfortable,” Dream assumes, “Right?”

Brown eyes flash with exasperation, “Yes.”

Before George can find another complaint, Dream shuffles down, barely staying on the couch and having to bend his knees to not fall off the side. He’s eye level with George’s crotch, and he grips the underside of his thighs pulling them up to place them over his shoulders.

Above him, George whines, writhing around which only results in him squeezing his thighs closer together around Dream’s head. Dream looks up, glancing at George, who’s propping himself up on his elbows with wide eyes. It’d be a lie to say he didn’t enjoy seeing the frustration build on the other’s expression, and George has never been one to just do as he’s told so really, what else would Dream expect?

He ignores the way George’s cock presses up against his boxers, hard and leaking, choosing to dip his head down and attach his lips to the insides of George’s thighs instead.

He feels the other squirm, thighs trembling slightly as Dream’s teeth scrape over the sensitive skin. He sucks dark marks onto pale spots, drawing back to let his tongue dart over the now discoloured blotches, and his hands only tighten around the top of George’s legs to push them higher.

He bites down on the skin, hearing George choke on his own breath and moan, loud and whiny. It only spurs Dream on, making him bury his head down further to leave red marks on each bit of exposed flesh.

He wants there to be bruises the next morning, for George to walk around in those ridiculously short shorts with the imprint of Dream's teeth all over him, and he isn't stopped, only hearing short gasps escape from the other's mouth.

George is gorgeous, moaning and shaking as Dream leaves bruises on his thighs, and this feels like something that's been ripped straight from his imagination, far too perfect for it to be real. He smiles against the skin, the warmth coming from George's thighs keeping him in place, and *god* George feels so good when his legs are wrapped around Dream's head.

"Stop teasing," George groans, his hands moving to grab Dream's hair and pull his mouth off of him, and Dream is sure that his lips are swollen and red and that he looks just as much of a mess as he feels.

Without speaking, Dream lifts his head fully, dropping George's thighs off of his shoulders and leaning forwards to land a hard kiss on the other's lips, trying to keep him quiet. And it works, George's little noises staying caught between them. He barely leaves a second between pulling away and flipping George onto his front and George laughs, the breath being knocked out of his lungs as Dream drags him back so that his stomach is pressed down fully.

His fingers dip into the waistband of George's boxers, lingering there for a second to wait for any protests and when he doesn't get any, he pulls them down past George's thighs, exposing his ass fully. Dream gropes one of his cheeks, doing his best to leave little marks that follow up from the ones that paint his thighs.

The skin is pale, muted reds and pinks grazing over him, and Dream throws the underwear on the floor, immediately going back to touch George's body. Long legs still stay covered in thin black socks, and Dream almost goes to take them off, stopping when he sees the thin bands around his legs pinching George's thighs and making Dream's vision go dark.

"Are you going to fuck me?" George asks, voice croaky. He's turned his head so he can look to the side and his shirt is pushed halfway up his back, clinging onto his skin.

"No," Dream says, "I said it before, brats don't get what they want."

"Fuck off," George groans.

"I mean it." Dream sits between his legs, kneading all the soft skin he can see and pressing a kiss to one of the marks he's left. "You should have thought about what you were doing before teasing me like that."

"I thought about it," George breathes, "And it was pretty funny in my opinion."

Dream squeezes the skin he's holding, grip hard and unforgiving and the little squeak he hears from George is definitely worth it.

"Stay like this," Dream instructs, his voice coming out deep and gravelly and it makes George whine.

"Or what?" George asks, tone only half teasing, and Dream can't quite see him, but he can imagine hungry, defiant eyes and red, bitten raw lips.

“You don’t want to find out.”

Reluctantly, Dream moves out from between George’s legs, glancing over at the way the other lies sprawled out across the couch *and holy shit, this is actually happening*. He dips out of the room, moving as quick as he can to his bedroom and rummaging through the drawers next to his bed.

His fingers are unsteady as he searches around and he knows he has lube in here somewhere, so why can’t he find it? From the other room a stifled moan bounces off the walls, and Dream groans because of course George can’t understand simple instructions.

Eventually his fingers touch the end of a bottle, and he grabs it quickly, standing straight with the item in his hands. Taking a shallow breath, Dream turns to leave the room, not even bothering to close the door behind him as he wanders through their hallway to where he left George.

He already knows what to expect, leaning up against the wall with raised eyebrows and his head cocked to the side, and his voice drips with honey, sweet and poisonous when he asks, “Well what’s going on here then?”

Startled, George looks up, lying on his back with his hand around his cock and his legs splayed out and Dream has to take a minute to collect himself, because *fuck*, George is so hot.

“What does it look like?” George asks.

Dream frowns, “Well now I’m definitely not fucking you,” he announces, walking further into the room, and he pulls his shirt up off of his body, chucking it onto the floor and surging forwards to kiss the other. He drops the lube onto the floor, and it dawns on him that this would probably be much easier if they were actually on a bed – he wouldn’t have to stay half stood up as George desperately tries to wrap his legs around his waist – but they’re in too deep now.

“Fucking brat,” Dream mutters against his lips.

He pushes his tongue into George’s mouth, making sure to crowd the other against the pillows and George’s hands trace over his stomach, only leaving fleeting touches in places where he can. Dream keeps it short, his cock aching for some sort of touch but he doesn’t let George grind up against him the way he’s so frantically trying to.

George lets him hold his hips down, shrinking back as Dream bites at his lower lip, pulling it back before releasing it, and it’s not enough to draw blood but it definitely has to sting.

“Turn around,” Dream says, and George is far too wrecked to think of anything to say in return, just doing as he’s asked and moving to lie on his front.

Dream shucks his sweatpants off of his body, tearing his boxers down with them, and his cock springs up against his stomach, red and angry and begging to be touched.

A grin finds its way onto Dream’s face as he admires the way George’s skin blooms pink where fingertips had dug into the skin earlier. He shifts around for a moment, deciding on the best move before swinging a leg over George’s thighs to cage him in.

The top of George’s head hangs just over the arm rest, the whole space barely long enough to accommodate both of their bodies, and Dream half considers grabbing onto George’s hair and pulling his head back just so he isn’t uncomfortable, but he decides against it, picking the lube up off of the floor and popping open the cap.

George hums, “You changed your mind then?” And Dream openly laughs, pouring some of the

substance onto his fingers before answering.

“Nope,” He says, popping the ‘p’ and he hears a noise of confusion, but he ignores it.

Cold lube is spread across George’s thighs, and on a whim Dream lets his fingers brush up, spreading George open and letting his finger’s tease at his entrance, never pressing in. Breathy whines leave George’s lips every few seconds, and he looks so fuckable lying on his front and letting Dream do whatever he wants with his body.

“Do you trust me?” Dream asks once he’s done, trying to keep some semblance of control while his cock weeps against his stomach, and the groan that leaves his lips when he wraps a hand around himself is foreign even to his ears.

“Yes,” George says.

Dream strokes himself slowly, pouring some of the lube into his hand to slick himself up, and he already feels so good. “Squeeze your legs together,” Dream orders, tapping on George’s thigh, and he hears the other huff in confusion, but do as he’s asked anyway.

Dream lines himself up, cock slipping between George’s ass for a moment before being moved away, because they can save that for another night.

The head of Dream’s cock pushes between George’s thighs, tight resistance stopping him from sliding in too easily. His head falls down, dirty blond hair covering his eyes as he eases into the softness of George’s thighs that are wet with lube and grip his cock deliciously. George feels amazing, holding Dream’s cock between his legs and it’s barely been seconds but Dream’s already close.

Against him, George shifts around, squirming and trying to get Dream’s cock to touch his own, but it’s useless, Dream making sure to angle his hips down so he’s just chasing his own pleasure.

“What?” George mumbles, sounding feeble and weak, “No, I want it in me.”

“Don’t tease me then.” Dream continues to thrust forwards, moving until his hips meet the back of George’s thighs, and he much prefers it when George is too desperate to say something bratty to try and make Dream angry.

His hips rock forwards slowly, cock leaking against milky thighs and he wants to spill over George’s legs and stain those thigh highs so that George won’t be able to wear them without being reminded of how well Dream used him.

“Fuck,” Dream mutters, falling into a slow rhythm, and next time they do this, he’ll actually fuck George, he’ll fuck him until he’s screaming and crying and mumbling Dream’s praise, but he won’t do that tonight. He’s too busy enjoying the way George’s thighs squeeze around his cock and milk him until pre-cum paints the insides of his legs.

There’s pleasure building up in the bottom of his stomach, and Dream doesn’t know how long he can last, his breathing getting heavier with every movement that George makes.

“Please touch me,” George begs, meek and broken, but Dream just thrusts his hips harder into the tight heat, feeling his cock slip out at the other side, and if George looked down he’d probably be able to see the head poke out from between his thighs.

“What happened to that attitude?” Dream asks discourteously, “I thought you liked being all bratty for me.”

“*Dream*,” George whines, feeling the way Dream’s cock touches the back of his balls and writhing slightly, and Dream can hear the pout in his voice, “I need more.”

“If you can make me cum in the next thirty seconds,” Dream says, just because he’s being generous, “Then I’ll help you get off.”

It’s not a challenge, and Dream doesn’t know if he’d ever be mean enough to leave George alone when he’s needy and his cock is aching so badly, but he’s glad he said it anyway because the way George clenches around him is so impossibly good.

Dream pulls his cock back slowly, grunting and Dream grips at the thighs around him, the warmth encasing him making his hips stutter. George’s legs only tighten in an attempt to make Dream cum, and he just lies there, whimpering and pliant, letting Dream do anything he pleases with his body.

He’s so tight, a mirage of what it would be like to properly fuck him flashing through Dream’s mind, and he wonders if George will let him do this again, fuck his pretty little thighs until he falls apart and George is begging for more.

“*Please*,” George mewls, embarrassingly high pitched, and Dream almost laughs at how needy he’s being.

The sight of his cock disappearing between George’s pretty, marked thighs is too much, he makes sure to rub up against George even more, his fingers holding everything he can and the drag of his cock between George’s legs is so perfect that Dream doesn’t know if he’s ever felt this good.

It’s only made better by George’s little sounds, small whimpers and cries leaving his lips as his thighs push together. He’s so pliable, moving pathetically as Dream thrusts into his thighs and Dream wonders if George is getting off on this too, knowing that he can’t cum until Dream decides to be nice and let him.

George is grinding down against the couch, movements pitiful as Dream ruts against him, unable to control his movements, and Dream’s barely aware of the fact that he’s about to cum until it happens.

It’s when George lets out the loudest of the night, squirming and clenching hard around Dream’s cock, that he finally lets go, spilling between pale thighs and covering the back of them in his cum. Dizzying pleasure runs through his body, heat blistering in his nerves and he moans breathlessly, and he trembles as he tips over the edge, slick thighs tightening around him as he finishes, to milk his cock of everything possible.

His orgasm completely wrecks him, hands shaking slightly and he’s too out of breath to think of any words. His thrusts get erratic as he rides it out with George still whimpering underneath him, and he knows that unless George wants to be sticky and uncomfortable later, he should clean the cum off the backs of his thighs, but he doesn’t anyway, leaving the cum to drip down George’s body.

Dream moves off of George’s legs to give him more freedom and his head has barely caught up by the time that George is flipping around and looking at him with tearful eyes.

“*Touch*,” He begs, reaching his hands forwards to try and drag the other down and Dream rolls his eyes, gripping the base of George’s cock just how he wants him to.

George cums embarrassingly quick, Dream barely even having to jerk him off before he’s spilling into his hand, whole body shaking and his eyes rolling back into his head as he screams Dream’s

name. And his thighs tremble, littered with hickeys and bite marks that'll be there for days on end.

Cum lands on Dream's hand, sticky and white and he almost wants to nudge some of it into George's mouth, but he decides against it. The socks that George are wearing are completely ruined, Dream's cum staining the black material but George doesn't seem to have noticed yet, that or he doesn't care.

"You okay?" Dream asks, after a long pause where he waits for his breath to come back to him.

"Yeah," George says, body limp, "Clean me up?"

Dream smiles, tugging on the thigh highs so he can slip them off his legs and get him out of the dirty clothes, and George doesn't even attempt to stand, groaning and letting his eyes flutter shut.

"Promise to actually fuck me next time?" George asks, the beginnings of a smile on his lips, and Dream chuckles.

"Next time?"

"Don't be an idiot," George scoffs, "Yes, next time."

Grinning, Dream stands up, still lingering in the afterglow of his orgasm, and he's completely beat, post-sex exhaustion ready to take over his body, but he stumbles out of the room anyway, intent on getting a rag to clean the other off with.

When he comes back, George is lying on the couch still, not having moved since the last time Dream saw him and he's sat so quietly that anyone would think that he actually had been fucked. Dream drags the warm, damp rag along his body, wiping his cum off of George's legs, and the brunet doesn't try to help him out, letting Dream do all the work.

Before Dream can leave to put the rag away, he's dragged down, trying to hide his smile when his lips meet George's. It's much softer, more gentle now and it would be sweet if it weren't for how very naked they both still are.

"Sleep?" Dream asks, the question almost unintelligible but George nods anyway, looping his arms around Dream's neck and closing his eyes.

Dream carries him to his room, knowing that that's what George wants, and he sets him down on the bed, going to find something that he can wear while pulling on a loose pair of pants. By the time he's turned around, George is lying on his side, eyes fully closed and there's no chance he's still awake – Dream doesn't mind though.

They can talk about it in the morning.

## End Notes

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